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"THAT AMAZING MAN."

Senator Platt's two weeks' time limit within which the coal strike was to be settled has expired. Senator Quay said yesterday: "The prospect is dark for an early settlement of the strike. The operating coal companies will make no concessions." Mr. Hewitt, who has all along shown himself well informed of the operators' intentions, says: "I know positively that Mr. Morgan will not allow the differences between the operators and the miners to be submitted to arbitration.

"Mr. Morgan will not allow." Not a question of what the coal operators or railroad presidents want to do in the matter but what Mr. Morgan will "allow."

The personal descriptions of the operators which correspondents send from the mining districts show these men of a somewhat kindly feeling toward their employees. There is one prominent operator, indeed, who joins his men in ball games. This is the man before whose house an employee patrolled at night with a loaded pistol to protect him from possible harm at the hands of riotous strikers. Devotion of this sort means nuch. An employer of this stamp would surely be willing to arbitrate differences.

But authority higher up will not "allow" it. A despotic power such as few crowned heads possess is exerted to forbid concessions. It is exercised arbitrarily, causing almost national distress. How small the Governor of the great State of Pennsylvania looks in perspective with the Wall street Magnate! And Platt, Quay, Penrose, all the Lilliputians who have sought futilely to aind the great Gulliver. Three powerful Senators warning him of party dangers, harping on political expediency, pointing out possibilities of Republican disaster. Can the people stand a party responsible for a trust like this? Advice lost on/deaf and obstinate ears.

"That amazing man, J. Pierpont Morgan." It will profit Evening World readers to buy a copy of the Sunday World to-morrow and learn more about him.

Ominous Silence .- District-Aftorney Jerome yesterday refused to say a word about his plans and projects for police reform and the suppression of gambling. When a loquacious man grows silent watch out!

LIFE IN THE TENDERLOIN.

A tour of the Tenderloin by night just now gives glimpses of metropolitan life in its most cheerful aspect. No odium attaches to such a tour; Mr. Jerome, who makes several a week in an unofficial capacity, has set the example for individual investigation. What he is doing any member of the City Club, for instance, may to without fear of consequences. It adds to one's sociological knowledge, you know.

The white light radiance there was never so brilliant as now and the red is visible to eyes desirous of seeing it. Everybody seems flush; "rolls" flash, champagne accompanies chop suey. There is no gambling, of course; Capt. Sheehan has vonched for that. Yet it is possible to see gentlemen passing in and out of latticed doorways. The night life there generally seems to have taken on a process consideration of the contract Seeper crimson. Was the Saratoga racing riotousness only a curtain-raiser for the regular city performance? The good old Tammany times when everything went appear to have returned.

Even the casual observer notices on the newsstands and elsewhere illustrated "dramatic" literature that would once have affronted Anthony Comstock's eye as a red flag a bull's. What has become of that vigilant custodian of the community's morals? In sensual suggestiveness this literature quite equals the police gazette "art work" of an earlier day. It is one of the by-prodcucts of the wide-open condition of affairs, but no one hears of any attempt to suppress it.

A Name to Fit .- A fast train on the Wabash road has made a run at the rate of 100 miles an hour. They might call it tomobile Express.

. A DAY'S AUTO MOBILE DOINGS.

The automobile, as reported in this morning's news, resterday killed the wife of Senator Stewart in an "accident" of the sort by which the Fairs lost their lives. It crushed Ben Monroe, a Baltimore bicyclist, in a motor race "accident." It frightened a horse and caused him to seek to demolish it with his heels. In this machine Helen Gould was riding. It caused the arrest of three rich young chauffeurs in Manchester, Mass., for violating the town's speed law.

A lively day's doings, and perhaps others unreported. The "accidents" are the matters that concern us most. Pretty soon we shall have a place reserved in the almanacs for the annual register of them along with railroad fatalities and other forms of sudden death.

THE "LITTLE JUMBO" RAID.

When Capt. Gallagher was put in charge of the Eldridge street station he announced that he would clean up his precinct. Yesterday in the small hours he started but to "make good," as the victims of his pernicious activity would express it. He began the cleansing process by raiding the "Little Jumbo" dance hall on the Bowery, from where his patrol wagon carted away fifty-five captives.

A good beginning. The Brooklyn captains come to their new work in Manhattan with abundant energy. There was Miles O'Reilly and here is Gallagher. May Gallagher's energy never flag, and while he is cleaning up the precinct may no disrespectful burglar blow a sair in the rear of his station-house!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, JR.

Teddy Roosevelt, jr., is back home in Oyster Ba from his little hanting trip in the Northwest. He had a good time, he says, making existence sudden and strengous for prairie dickens and jackrabbits so good a time indeed, that now he sighs for more of the zip and zest of that sort of free and joyous life.

Now he yearns for bigger game. He wants to go to the Rockies and shoot mountain lions and grizzly bears. It's a pity that the good old Beadle's-dime-novel days are read and gone or he might add a longing to emulate Snaky Snodgrass or Squint-Eyed Bob and shoot holes To the Editor of The Evening World: brough Indians as they come dashing over the hills to his other youthful wild-western ambitions.

In all which, as well as in his expressed sadness over the winding-up of his vacation and the return of schoollave. Teddy, jr., shows that although he is the son of sen of this land he is no more and no less of blue wash dress and was a pretty, of belt is smooth, it necessarily follows how than any of us were at his age or than is any lad bright, good-natured looking little fel- it covers more surface of the pulley or years in the humblest family in the United

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

ODLLEGIATE.

"A quarre in an oplum dive," It grieves me to relate.
The only man they left alive Calls it a 'Joint Debate.'

QUICK PROMOTION. "I hear your brother is an assistant bookeeper

"Yes, indee i. And, do you know, h proved himself so clever that they ve passed him over the first and second assistantships and made him third assistant right off."

NOT ADVANCED ENOUGH.

"Yes, miss, this popular song en titled 'Before Dawn' will cost you iffty cents.

NOT POPULAR.

"But only last week I learned a song that cost seventy-five cents. I think I'm far enough advanced now to sing dollar must

"How did you like the bands of satir ribbon we used at our german?' "Well, I never did care for German

bands."

BORROWED JOKES.

IS STRONG HOLD. Patient-Why, doctor, if I take an icecold bath with this cold I'll get pneumonia. Dr. Killium Wright-I know, and that's my great disease. I've never lost a pa-

A DESCOURAGING POSITION.

tient yet who had pneumonia .- India-

"Do you think a literary woman ought

"Not if she is a novelist. Her ideas of manly perfection as depicted in her would be enough to make any conscientious husband give up in despair and leave home to look for work as a truck driver."-Washington Star.

NOT FAR ENOUGH.

- I don't like Jack Hansom's ways at all. He's always trying to kiss

Jess-Oh, come now! You know you can't amagine anything nices than to have him kiss you. Tess-Exactly. But, as I tell you, he's

always trying, and that's all -Philadelphia Press.

SOMEBODIES.

SOOTEL GEN .- of the Salvaties Army, is about to sail for this country. It

will be his fourth visit here CHEONG-CHUN-KWAN-is the name of a rich Chinawoman, not of a health food. She is starting on a tour of the world, and will be the first won an of her nation to attempt such

EDWARD VII .- once learned the print er's trade and can make a good living at at in case the Kingship job falls

HOWARD, DR. L. O .- is said to be the leading living authority on mosqui-toes. And he isn't a Jerseyman

MACOMBER, MISS ELSIE-of Des Moines, is to christen the new cruiser Des Moines, at Quincy, Mass., next POPE LEO XIII.-has ordered several

sets of Marconi's wireless telegraph apparatus.

SHALL I LOOK BACK?

from some dim height of being, undescried, Shall I look back and trace the

weary way By which my feet are journeying to-day-The tollsome path that climbs the mountain sids,

Or leads into the valley sun-denied, Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray, Unblessed, ungheered, ungladdened

by a ray Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back and see the great things small;

The toilsome path, God's training for my feet, The pairs that never had been worth my tears?

Will some great light of rapture, Make bygone woe seem joy; pas bitter, sweet?

Shall F look back and wonder at my fears? -Louise Chandler Moulton.

MEL

Will you kindly advise me where I should have done had I had time), but

in West Twenty-third street. She had a | Seeing a letter from Mr. George Young

little boy about three years of age in relative to the proper side of a single

a go-cart, and the way she punished the belt to put next to pulley, would say

poor little chap was an outrage. I hope that as the theory of belt and pulley is the mother of the child will see this and "the more surface obtained on both the

discharge her. The child was dressed in less strain on bearings," &c., as one side

low and blond. Should mother of child (which is also smooth) than the rough

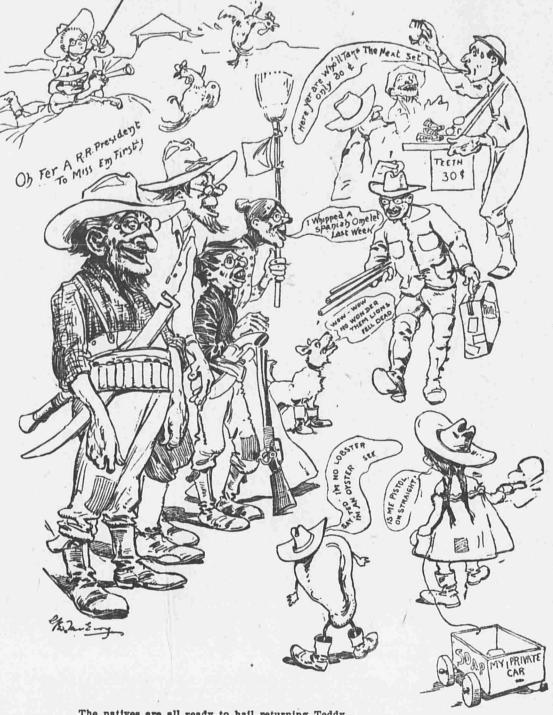
I saw a nurse girl sitting on a stoop To the Editor of The Evening World:

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.

can cultivate my voice at low rates?
W. B. A.

To they Editor of The Evening World:

ROOSEVELT DAY AT OYSTER BAY.



The natives are all ready to hail returning Teddy. They're as strenuous as can be and they've made up for the part. Fusillades and teeth and sabres scare the sober-minded neighbors, But they form a welcome to delight the roughest rider's heart.

IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS.



First Comedian-So Jeff admits ad a hard fight, eh? Second Same-Yes; he says ooked at first as if the champion's belt would soon Fitzsimmons.

REGRETS.



Freddie-Will you go sailing with ne, Miss Wose? Miss Mose-Sorry, Mr. Slightly, but I can't swim.

The Belt Question.



Guffy-How's ther missus-alive? Duffy-Yes; an' kickin' when Oi

RICH.

Wayside Ike-What's the matter wid Waggles? Dusty Rhodes-He found a hunk of hard coal and he's goin' ter sell it

3,250 Miles. Three Hours.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

for \$10.

see this let her please question her baby side; therefore it will pull the same load bind their part of the agreement, disputes could not occur. It is so with an sourced in the darkness. TAXPAYER.

NO USE FOR THEM.



you like Elsie-My! Wouldn't vings like those? Tommy-Naw; they'd be handy for dad to hold me by when was gettin' spanked.

NOTHING DOING.



Boy-Opry glasses! don't drink.

Compinius of City Streets,

Uncle Philetus-No, young feller, I

WAGE-EARNER.

Have Escaped Me.' Pierp Morgan (so railroad authorities Will keep his hands off of the strike.

Sad news this may be for the people who pay And to strikers and public alike.

But one grain of comfort is found 'neath this sting That may solace the sorrowing bands:

It shows that this earth holds at least Off which Morgan will keep his strong

The Prince of Braganza's indictment n London should serve as a warning to Princes in future to stick to little old

According to the Fire Chief's counsel



derstudy.'

31,000, who wouldn't go 'way back and sit down?

Automobiles are warned off the road surrounding the scene of Roosevelt's Nassau County reception. If they want o insure the President's perfect safety, what's the matter with lassoing the local trolley cars for this day too?

AGES OF ANIMALS. Elephants live 100 years and upward,

hinoceroses twenty, camels 100, lions wenty-five to seventy, tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas (in confinement) about twenty-five, beavers fifty, deer twenty, wolves twenty, foxes fourtee to sixteen, llamas fifteen, chamois twenty-five, monkeys and baboons sixteen to eighteen, hares eight, squirrels of belt is placed next to pulley. A pretty way to demonstrate the difference is to put the belt on with the should have done had I had time), but am afraid that is not sufficient to prevent her abusing the little fellow at another time.

S. R. W.

The Belt Question. seven, rabbits seven, swine twenty-five stags under fifty, horses thirty, asse thirty, sheep under ten, cows twenty, oxen thirty, swans, parrots and ravens 200, eagles 100, geese eighty, hens and pigeons ten to sixteen, hawks thirty to forty, cranes twenty-four, blackbirds ten to twelve, peacocks twenty, pelicans forty to fifty, thrushes eight to To the Editor of The Evening World:

How many miles is it from New York
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why has the city fallen back in its fifteen, blackcaps fifteen, linnets fourtime difference?

G. W. ten, wrens two to three, nightingules Irresponsibility.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The trouble with people appears to be that they want to make agreements binding only on the one side. If they would give bonds (or put up cash) to wenture down that way, for one is always running against some object objuttes could not occur. It is so with an soured in the darkness. TAXPAXEEL. Hudson River? The gas lamps in some

MUSIC ON THE BRAIN.

BERYL.

Emerald and beryl are precisely the same substance, except for coloring matter Amethyst and rock crystal are likewise identical.

CHINESE.

There is no word in the Chinese language that conveys an intimation of what we term pub lic. spirit, nor is there a synonym for patriotism.

HOW FUNNY.

Lady clerks and typists are formng a club at New castle, England and have appointed a man as their acting honorary secretary.

DEADLY BLOWS.

In many parts of South America the natives catch and kill butterflies for entomologists by means of the blow pipe.

SEAWORTHY? A viking ship 40

unearthed on the island of Karmoe.

A FEW REMARKS.

Grand Duke Boris said good-by;

Newport's charms proved stronger

Then he stayed here longer.

Though to break away he'd try

He has sprung farewells so much

That they sound quite chatty.

Soon he'll beat the score for such

If the Inwood boy who left home to

become a second Schwab had taken Mr.

If ever Cuba is annexed the Lone Star

Will Jerome's Tenderloin hunts for

"Wild Animals That

the Tiger and the Elephant result in a

Made by Addie Patti.

it along with him.

volume entitled

his death and the discovery made that his brain had been moulded into a model of the machine to which he had devoted years of his life. Here we have an X-ray photograph of the head of a distinguished violinist. Carefully cut out the eleven sections of the brain and with them construct a per-

MAKING RAZORS BY ELECTRICITY

Phrenologists claim that the talents and propensities of a person stamp their

seal upon the entire brain. The head of a German inventor was examined after

A Pittsburg man named Joseph Misks has discovered a way of making rators by electricity, without the services of blackmith, grinder or polisher, says the Electrical Age His method, he claims, keeps the razor's edge in-

tact longer than does the ordinary manufacture. A long rod is ground and polished, then divided into blades by means of lies in a forging machine in the form of a steel tunnel. The rod is put in this machine. Pumps exhaust the air inside; electric

connections are made at each end of the rod which becomes red hot. Fewer "conferences" and a quicker The dies are closed down on it, their ends forming the backs of razor

blades, their inner ends Morgan instead for his ideal, he would pressing the blades into razor shape with a perfect edge. have organized Inwood first and taken The steel is hardened in the same tunnel.

If ever Cuba is annexed the Lone Star IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

Striking Anomalous Sights That

Only Strangers Pause to Notice. There are several things in this little old city of ours

would be good drawing cards if 10 cents admission were charged. As it is, nine people out of ten pass these sights by, unnoting. Walk along Forty-second street this evening, between Fifth and Park avenues. The street is garish, brightly light-

ed, alive. People with suit cases jostle the home-staying New Yorkers; from the near-by station the incessant bark of "Keb, sir! Keb! Keb! Keb!" cuts through the street noises. Everything is cosmopolitan, up to date, Eastern. Now stop a moment and look over the side of the fence

that bars the sidewalk from the street. Look over and you will see a pit. Look into the pit. You are no longer in New York. You are in a mine under the Sierras. Fifty feet below you lies a separate world, an under-

ground world. Some day it will step into line as a highly cosmopolitan subway. But now it is a mine. Vast boulder precipices, rock piles and heaps of dirt are half revealed, half hidden by the gleam or black shadows cast by the Queer, gray, gnome-like figures creep silently about, some-

imes weirdly indistinguishable from the rocks among hey work, sometimes unnaturally distinct in the glare, their shadows gigantic, distorted.

These men are fighting nature, beating a track through

the rock that has endured there since before its assailants' ancestors had even reached the cave-dwelling age; and which, but for this intrusion, would have endured centuries after With Stock Exchange seats selling at New York crumbles into dust. It matters not that these miners are merely outting a

subway passage. To all intents and purposes they are dig-ging for gold, and the next blow of that big fellow's pick may lay bare a layer of quartz streaked and counter-streaked with dull yellow markings that will make its discovered millionaire.

It requires little imagination to see all these possibilities. The sight is one such as sourcely any New Yorker has ever before seen.

It is, apart from its picturesqueness, a valuable illustraion of mine scenes. If admission were charged thousands of people would ge

As it is all free, one person in five hundred glances casually at it in passing. A. P. TERHUNE.

AS TO JIMMY JOHNSON. Many who have heard the Princeton students sing-Oh, I've heard it said,

And I believe it's true, That when a man dies His nose turns blue, His nose turns blue

By the light of the moon Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy Johnson! and other nonsensical doggerel in which Jimmy Johnson's claims to distinction are celebrated, may never have realized the deep significance of the name, says the Philadelphia

Times. Jimmy was a runaway slave who took refuge at Princeton long before the war. The students helped to purchase his liberty, and he had been a figure on the campus for sixty-three years until he died the other day at the ripe age of eighty-six. He was a kind of mascot, and the coll will find it as difficult a matter to survive his taking off as will the University of Pennsylvania when it loses that faith-

ful old negro known to many generations of six

"Pomp."